

Dali Mirilashvili

[REDACTED]
Great Neck, New York [REDACTED]

April 15, 2016

Honorable Colleen McMahon
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
United States Courthouse
500 Pearl Street
New York, New York 10007

Your Honor,

My name is Dali Mirilashvili. I am Moshe's wife. We have been married for 45 wonderful years. When Moshe and I married, we both had the same goal. We wanted to raise a compassionate, tight-knit, and educated family. We did what we could, and this goal will always be important to us. While my life has now totally changed, I am still trying my hardest to maintain Moshe's goals and wishes.

My speciality is music. I am a pianist. I graduated from The Tbilisi State Conservatoire, which was the highest level of music schooling in Georgia. I performed in symphonies and in concerts, and Moshe was always so proud of me and encouraged me to explore my love of music. When I was performing in my last concert, we were living in Georgia. When we emigrated, I had all of this success. Moshe was very regretful that I had to leave my music behind. I don't perform in concerts anymore, but I used to give lessons to young students to help support my family. I used to always play music for Moshe, and he always encouraged me to. One of the first gifts Moshe brought for me, as soon as he was financially able to do so, was a

piano. He knew how much I missed having a piano in the house, and he surprised me with one. That is just who he is. He knows how to make people feel happy and loved.

Moshe was the person who always tried to help people, he always had a compassionate hand. It is my favorite thing about him. He looks at life with kind eyes and approaches everyone with respect. With a sincere heart, he always serves his family first. He is always there for everyone: relatives, friends of the family, and strangers, with a pure heart. Whoever meets him, they see the love in his eyes.

He also served his religion. He was a big helper in the Georgian synagogue from its inception. He helped assist the synagogue financially and with friendly support. He loves the idea of community and is always looking to bring people together.

I met Moshe when I was 15 years old. I was on a vacation in Borjomi, a resort town in Southern Georgia, with my family. Moshe and I began talking on the grass. He was a medical student in Orenburg, Russia. From the second we started to talk, I realized how he was a very loyal and honest person. He taught me how to see the beauty in life. He told me to pay attention to the little things: the green grass, the blue sky, the clear air. Simple things made him happy, and he helped people see the simple beauty around them. That summer, he transferred schools, from Orenburg to Tbilisi, to be closer to me and his family. He loves the idea of family being together.

We got married on February 16, 1971. However, Georgia was no longer a home for us. Moshe wanted to live in a place where we could practice our religion freely and just live a free life. We came to the US in 1973, with our young daughter, Nina. I remember those difficult years, the years when we first came to America. Moshe was working three jobs. At night he was a taxi driver, and by day he was studying for his medical exams. It was a stressful time but Moshe always calmed us down and told us not to worry. He just wanted to take good care of us, and he really did. He worked long hours, worked many jobs, while studying for his American medical exams. During all of these many tasks and responsibilities, he still made time for family.

We have two daughters, Nina and Margie. When my children were young, I worked in a yeshiva to help pay for their education. Moshe and I both wanted our children to get the best education possible, and we wanted them to have a lot of opportunities to succeed. We tried to do everything in our power to help our children lead a comfortable and happy life. We just cared

about raising thoughtful, educated, and compassionate children. We were always on the same team and dedicated our lives to our family.

He helped my elderly parents adjust to life in America, and his own mother lived with us until her death. He was supporting his mother in every way possible until her death. He always practiced talking English with my parents to help them adjust to their new life. He would call them everyday, visit a few times a week, and always kept an eye out for them. Many years after arriving to the U.S., my father was diagnosed with [REDACTED] at age 53. Moshe stood by my father's side throughout his entire sickness. Of course, it wasn't his area of knowledge, but he still did a lot of research to find the best doctors and hospitals. When my father passed away, Moshe even wanted my mother to live with us. He did not want her to live alone. My mother is currently 83 years old and she is not aware of Moshe's conviction and incarceration. She always says she misses Moshe so much and always calls and asks to talk to him. She calls me crying almost everyday because she thinks something must be wrong with Moshe. He always took such good care of my mother. He would call her every week, visit her often, and always monitor her. He always did this without me asking him. He did it from the goodness of his heart.

He played a big part when my children got married, both financially and morally. He financially supported Nina and her husband, David when they got married in 1990. He called them daily and visited them constantly. He treated our two sons-in-law like family from the moment he met them. He would always want to invite them over, eat meals with them, and just spend quality time with them. He is a real family man. Moshe just wants his family to stick together.

Moshe's main love is his three grandchildren. He raised them, he guided them, and he loved them as much as he possibly could. My first granddaughter Ashley graduated from George Washington University and she is now a student at Cardozo Law School. My second granddaughter Jessica is finishing her third year at Sarah Lawrence College. And my youngest granddaughter Nicole will be attending The New School in the fall. Nicole's college acceptance happened when Moshe was in jail. Nicole told him the news over the phone - he was crying from joy. He taught these three girls the importance of knowledge, bravery, and kindness. He would call them everyday, give them advice, and encourage them to succeed. He loves them so much,

and he will do anything in his power to make them happy. When Ashley, Jessica, and Nicole were young, they would sleep at our house together almost every weekend. It was the highlight of their week, and they loved spending time with Moshe.

From the moment I met him, Moshe was always reading books. He loves to learn about history, literature, and politics. He loves exchanging ideas with people and having friendly conversations about subjects he loves. He loves people. He always invited people over and we would cook meals for our guests. He often asked people if they needed his help, and always called his friends and relatives to offer his hand. My granddaughters' friends love to come over because Moshe makes his guests feel so welcomed. When Margie was in high school, Moshe would treat her friends like family. He always said that the best way to unite strangers is at a dinner table, and that dinner table was always our dinner table.

About eight years ago, Moshe and I went back to Tbilisi, Georgia for the first time. When we saw our old neighbors, they wouldn't stop talking about how much they cared about Moshe and what an amazing man he is. He gave all of his old neighbors gifts and money. His old neighbors told us that they missed coming to our house and having dinner with us, because Moshe was the best host.

All my life, I depended on Moshe. Today, where I am standing, I am leading a very different life. I can't adjust to this reality. Spending every day and night without him is torture and a struggle. His goal was to be in a free country, and he did everything he could to achieve that freedom. But now, he is not free. He is strong for us, he tells us not to worry and to stick together, but we are missing the glue that sticks us together. We are missing him.

He tells me that for our children and our grandchildren, I have to be strong. He tells me that we all have to be together and continue our life. He is almost 68 years old. But, in some respects, he is naive. He trusts everybody - even when he shouldn't. He couldn't imagine that someone would lie to him or do something bad, he only sees goodness in people, because he himself is good. Now, he is spending a sour life. I am still alive, but this kind of life, knowing and seeing the pain Moshe, my daughters and granddaughters are facing is worse than death for me.

If I had to write about every part of Moshe's character, I would never stop writing. He is a one of a kind husband, father, grandfather, son, relative, brother, and friend. Words cannot describe the goodness in his soul and the love in his heart. He shares that love with everyone he meets.

Moshe taught me how to see the beauty in life. He taught me that the thing that matters the most is kindness. He taught me that it doesn't matter where I am, as long as I am with my family and I am making people happy, my life will be colorful. But without him, life is grey and lonely. Your Honor, you are my last hope. I am now 64 and my life is empty without him by my side, especially at this age. I am asking you, from the bottom of my broken heart, to bring me back my husband. Please, grant leniency and mercy on him.

Thank you very much for reading these words.

Respectfully,


Dali Mirilashvili